To exist or to be aware of their existence, things need us; and without us they remain in a state of expectation. This gives man a restless uneasiness: the pressure within us of all that has not yet been and that wants to be, of all the unknown calling for its little moment of thought, seems to beg existence of us, because everything must come to this — as if there were some pleasure in telling oneself that one has existed, after one has ceased to exist.

Inertia of matter. Slowness before the idea has

passed through it,

Theory of the book: dead letter? A bag of seeds.

Elasticity! Of all inertias the worst! hypocrisy of immovable matter; it seems to yield, giving an illusion of victory and successful effort, hut it returns as soon as you let it go; it was only deferred inertia. Matter that seems plastic, allowing us to exhaust our efforts on it. To prove your possession of what stupid memory do you return, after we had modeled you according to our whims, and rearrange yourself according to your original lines that we wanted so much to forget, that we shall never be able to forget then? Elasticity! matter's crude memory, deferred inertia, apparent docility. . . .

Elasticity surrounds us; what in the immaterial world we call retroaction is merely that— but with infinite complications — until matter itself becomes completely impregnated with it, changed by it.

Repartee: infinite receptivity of matter; porousness,

Social question? Yes indeed. But the ethical question is antecedent.
Man is more interesting than men. God made *him* and not them in his image. Each one is more precious than all

It is easy to consider the soul as that particle of soil in which many different plants grow and so many insects live. There is

superabundance, there is struggle; there will therefore be suppression. It's too much; it's too much! If you do not tear out this one, it will stifle that one. If you tear nothing out., nature will take care of the struggle.

In studying the question of the *ration d'&tre* of the work of art, one is brought to the conclusion that the justification* the symbol of the work, is its composition.

A well-composed work is necessarily symbolical. Around what could the parts group themselves? What could guide their arrangement except the idea of the work, which creates that symbolic arrangement?

The work of art is the exaggeration of an idea.